

making a living you have the important consideration of the hire of which the labourer must make himself worthy—the provision of the *sine qua non* of life.

In other words, the practical architect must be well grounded in seven separate things:—

1. Artistic design;
2. Descriptive language;
3. Scientific construction;
4. Practical housebuilding;
5. The attainment of his power;
6. The transmission of his power;
7. The transaction of his business.

"Nothing can be attained without labour," is a proverb; and depend upon it that in respect of architecture, the proverb is most eminently true. Young men can as readily put on the experience of age by an action of the hand, as attain to the skill of knowledge without the diligent and painful search. Genius, you may tell me, is naturally impatient,—it overleaps obstacles, and sets difficulties at defiance, and a great deal more; but this is a mistake,—it is not genius, but this reverse: it is the erratic mind that is impatient,—the inexperienced mind that affects to overleap obstacles,—the presumptuous mind that thinks to set difficulties at defiance. When your old father was a schoolboy, long ago, he had two companions widely different. The one was a genius of this order, the other a plodding dunce: the one was ever foremost, the other ever last: the one was all a glow, the other dead as a stone: the one skipped lightly in advance like the morning, the other hung heavily in the rear, like night: the one skimmed the surface gaily in the sun, the other waded wearily in the depth: the one had a path of honour, the other a path of toil. But it was a short time only, and the positions were effectually reversed. The one had been content with sipping the sweets, and fluttered off like the butterfly: the other gathered the store of the bee: the winter found the one an empty prey, but the other filled with abundance. My son, I will not say of you that the one is your parallel, or the other; but keep this in your mind, and tell your friends of it—that if Achilles trikes by the way, the tortoise may soon reach the goal.

We examine, then, first,

THE LAMP OF ART.

The architect is an artist. If he were not—the house-builder would be his better. The Greeks of old, and their Roman successors,—the monk master-masons of mediæval Christendom,—Palladio and Wren and Soane (to go no further for examples), were more than craftsmen—they claim kindred with Phidias, Raffaele, Reynolds. Whatever the Royal Academy may decide to do another year with their octagon-room, whether to half fill it again with the architecture of the nation, or thrust that architecture entirely out, there is and must be for ever an analogy between their Eastlake, Lee, Landseer, Baily, Gibson, and our Barry, Cockerell, Pugin, Scott, which there is not and never can be between such and Brunel, Stephenson, or Locke, any more than if we were to add Cubitt and Peto to the number, or even throw in for make-weight Sir Joseph Paxton and Sir Charles Fox. The architect is a poet,—it may be in heavy language somewhat, and sometimes in small degree,—but he is a poet,—and you must never forget it, but cling to it with ferrency as you value your mission.

The principle of fine art is the principle of artificial beauty: its province is the universal beautiful; its object to create beauty. A work of fine-art is a production of artificial beauty, and no more: without beauty there is no fine art, and without artificialness there is no art of course. That which displays beauty as the work of the intentional endeavour of the designer is the fine-art work of that designer. There is no accident in fine art: it is the intention which gives the title. The intention springs from the fancy, and the fancy from the construction of the mind; and thus it is that art is heaven-born and unteachable, for to imagine can never be taught.

The fine-art of the architect—that which, having not another name, while all other asso-

ciated matters have, may best be designated as architecture proper—lies in the artificial beauty of building. The architect needs not build, but he designs the building; his object (as an artist) being to produce therein architectural beauty.

Architecture may not be so subtle and popular an art as painting, sculpture, music, or poetry, but it is in some respects a grander art than all. Where is there a picture like Salisbury, or a statue like St. Paul's? Where is there a poem like poor Elmes's Hall, or music like the sweet play of Barry's fairy palace sparkling in the sun? Where is there a painting like Carnac or Apollinopolis, or sculpture like the old Colosseum,—poetry like the glorious Parthenon, or a song like the gem of Lycaïrates? Look up, my son, and let your soul stand still and contemplate the artist's mission: that which is of the earth is not all earthy; and next to Howard in the pestilence, and Kosciuszko in the field, give the place to Da Vinci in the arms of Francis, or poor mad Barry in his poverty, or mighty Wren in the white hair of ninety winters, standing, as if in the heaven, on the summit of his stupendous dome? Many a time, I will confess, have I almost despaired of architecture: many a time, when the yoke of the earthy business pressed heavily upon my soul, have I wished in my anger that I were even a stucco image-man rather than so dreary a thing as a house-builder and contriver of drains: even now do I deplore the seeming impossibility of emancipating from the craftwork of the artisan, at least in some degree, the art-work of the poet; and as you pass through life you will deplore this too; but he who keeps his eye steadily fixed upon a grand aim must never flinch at difficulties, and he who has the heaven-born mission of the artist in this earthy world, must never droop because of such a thing as earthiness, wherein we have but the universal haze which equally the pins and the poetic soul have to learn to bear with, and despise, and overcome. If there were a Hades of great men—of those to whose hands the mission of the beautiful, and good, and true has been committed throughout the procession of the ages—Homer and Milton; Socrates, Bacon, and Newton; the royal David; the apostolic Paul; and Melancthon, the gentle and just; Cincinnatus and Washington; Michelangelo and Thorwaldsen, would never despise Vitruvius because he looked to halists, catapulta, and scorpions; or Jones because he was conductor of the masquerade; or many a friend whom I could name, who turns aside in his careworn way, and stops the current of his anxious thought on tiresome clients, disputed contracts, defective brickwork, or inferior deals, to enjoy one more admiring gaze upon the glories of a cathedral, or to take a peep of pleasure at the humble grace of some doorway in the street. But more of this, perhaps, under the seventh lamp: meanwhile we turn to other matter.

In the practical dealings of the architect, the fine-art by no means stands alone; and even in theoretical definition the question of art is by no means independent of other questions which I have named. Before the lamp of Art can shine, the lamp of Science, for one thing, must give its light, even if the influence of building, humble as it is, could be dispensed with. In fact, constructive science and house-building knowledge are the basis of the art, and no man ought to dispute it; for which reason he who would know architecture-art must know beforehand science and building, and this not as any question of business, but as a question of art alone. The oversight of this material point leads to innumerable shortcomings, errors, bewilderments. No amount of practical knowledge or scientific skill can ever make a house-builder an artist, just as a worldful of philology and language could never make a poet; but without such knowledge and skill the best art-mind can never operate,—just as without speech the mind of Homer himself must continue mute. This is a fact, for those who will tell you that the painter makes the best architect; they might with equal justice affirm that the poet makes the best painter. Yea, indeed,

there is more truth on his side who pretends that the engineer will make the best architect, for it is much more likely that the engineer should happen to possess the taste of the artist, than that the painter should happen to know the sciences and crafts of the builder.

The fine-art of the architect being the production of artificial beauty in building, the basis of building must form of necessity the foundation for such art. The architect is, in short, the builder gifted with artistic skill. He must be builder first. The student ought to begin with building; not that he ought to begin at the bench, as not a few will affirm,—planing a few battens badly, and making a box or so, are nothing of what I mean,—but he ought to keep clearly before his mind as the first point the questions of construction and the economics of building, without which mere style-study is foundationless and impractical. Many of our young men leave their pupilage, I regret to say, and some of them even commence practice as they think, with very little but a smattering of the five orders or the three periods, such as a dilettante or a clergyman might have, scarcely enough for small criticism, and certainly insufficient for even the pretension to serious business. Induced with a self-opinion which appears peculiar to the class, and of which, as I have said, I have not yet discovered the reason (except it be in competition),—too proud to stoop to the drudgery of dry details of business,—resolved to be mighty (for the present fashion) in the concoction of competition designs for churches,—they hide the tardy progress of time, fret for their freedom from enthralling indentures, and pray for whippers and their majority; if even, in their precocity, they care for such,—like young eagles chained, as they are. Knowing nothing of the boundless wilderness of knowledge, in which they must yet come to search laboriously,—content to know their three periods, and to despise everything else,—they plunge into life with not a single lamp of all the seven to light their ridiculous way, and are fortunate, indeed, if, little by little, as accident favours, they acquire, within ten years of struggling incapacity, that primary knowledge which, at the proper time, would have cost them scarcely an endeavour to learn.

Now, to keep myself within the current of my argument, I must explain that, although the remarks which I have now made (and with but too much truth, as you know), apply to the question of business as a whole, I apply them at present only to the question of art, and to the fact that he who suffers himself to despise or neglect practical matters for (as he thinks) the accordancy of art, really deprives his art of that on which it must stand—that which must be its very foundation. Not knowing much of such affairs, I have, however, heard that in the competitions for the medals of the Institute, the most elaborate and grandiose projects are built up and solemnly presented in all the seriousness and earnest endeavour of the most careful drawing, with such a want of the commonest knowledge of these fundamental things that, even making allowance for them as tentatives of youth, the judges can only set them aside as unworthy. This is not architecture: architectural forms and standard fragments thrown together thus unpractically produce no art. Architecture must have the building prepared before hand, not afterwards. Architecture must have science as its core, over which to spread its spirit as a transparent veil: it will not do to fashion the appearance merely, and leave the building to the builder's wits. Probably these Academy studies are grounded on the prevalent idea that, so long as cradling, lath and plaster, and canvas and paper, can be fairly done, no visionary thing need fail. But this is not architecture, and if you would be an architect keep clear of it,—it is the Castle of Indolence of the vain mind. Rather than such unsubstantial flattery, choose, my son, the crucible, and, if you will, the rudest, simplicity, if it be but masculine and honest truth.

To comprehend the idea fully of how architecture-art forms itself of necessity on science and building, consider the manner in which